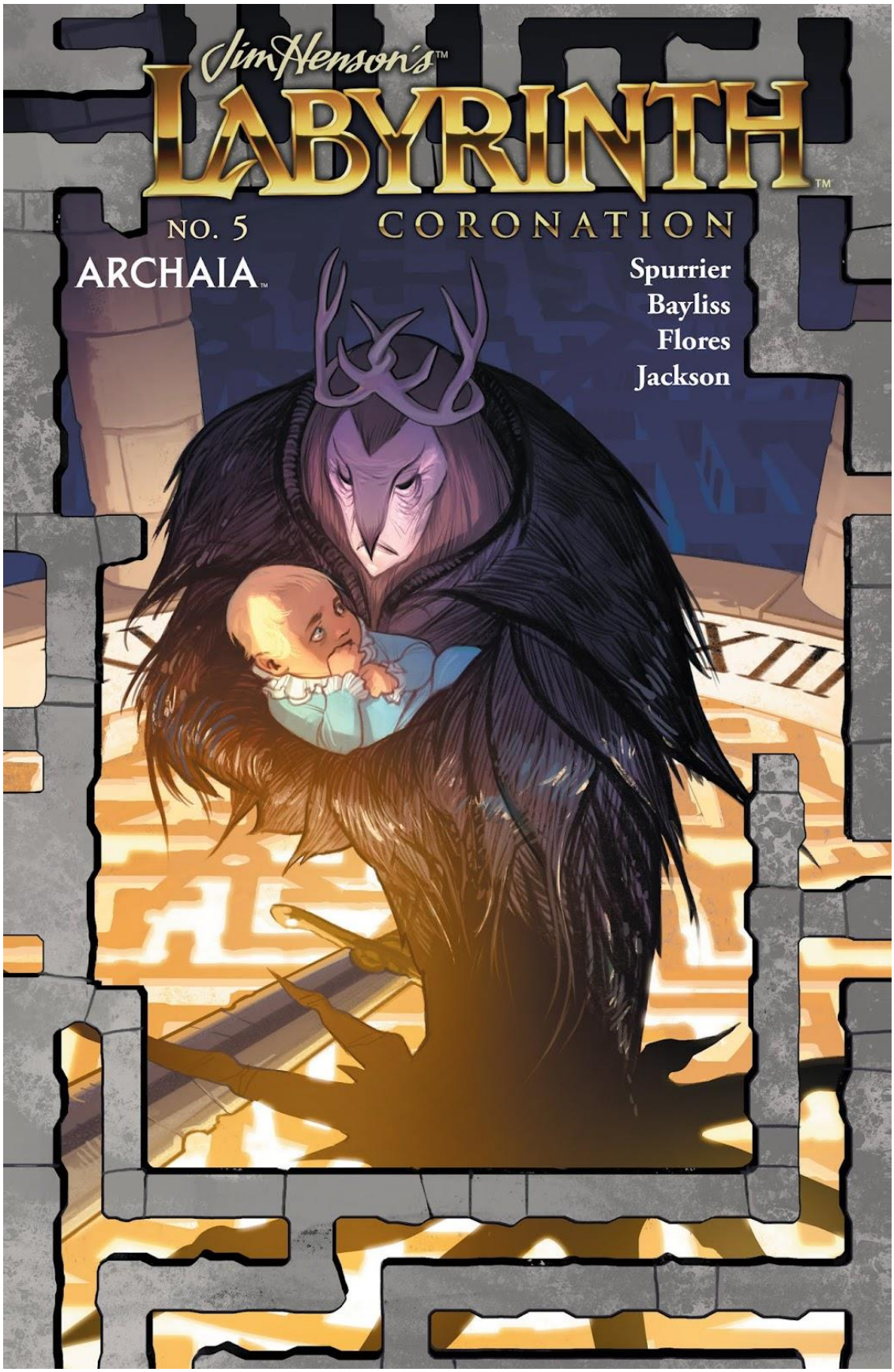
Jim Henson's™
LABYRINTH™
NO. 5
CORONATION
ARCHAIA™
Spurrier
Bayliss
Flores
Jackson

# Jim Henson's™ LABYRINTH™ CORONATION

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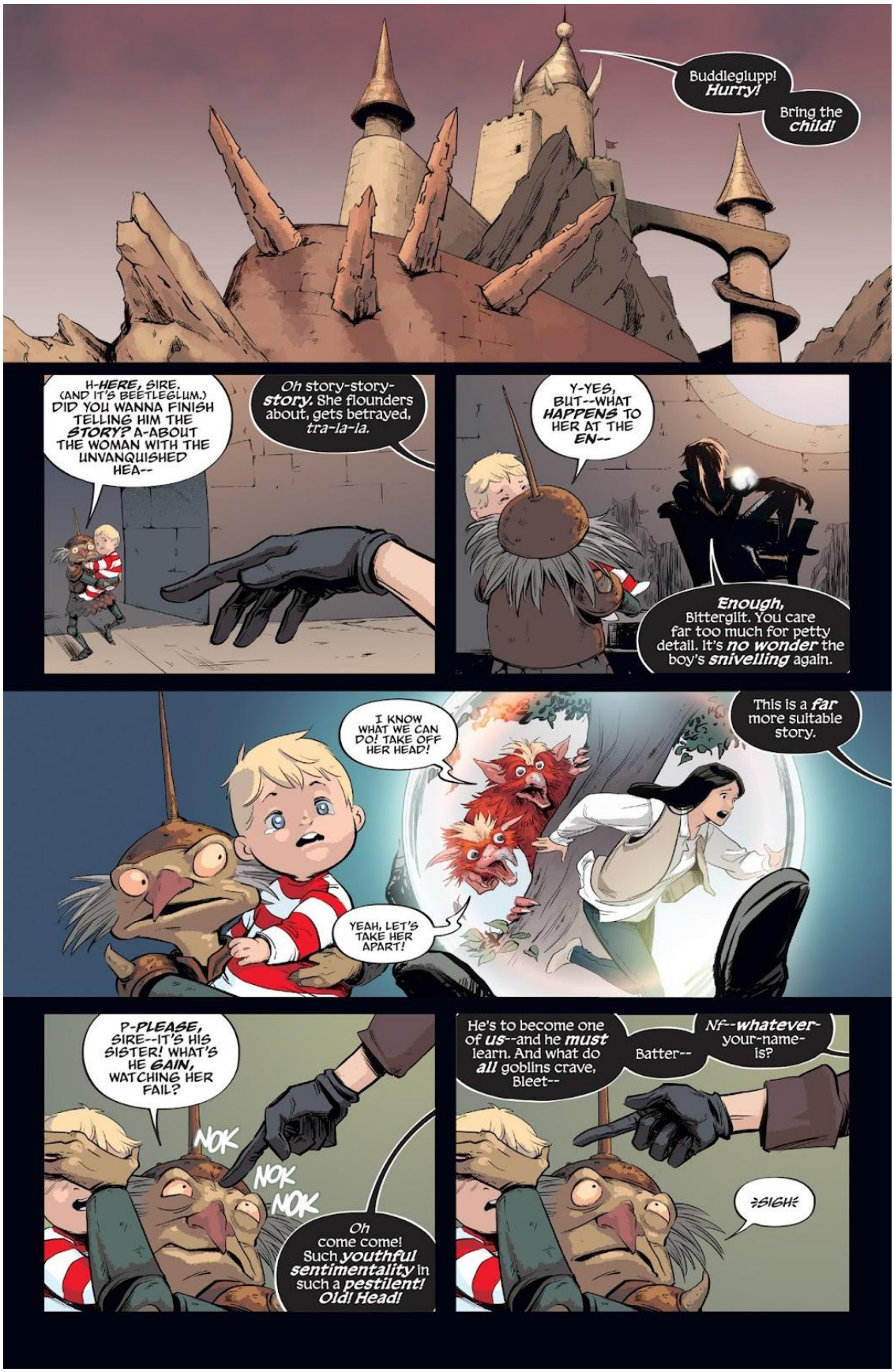
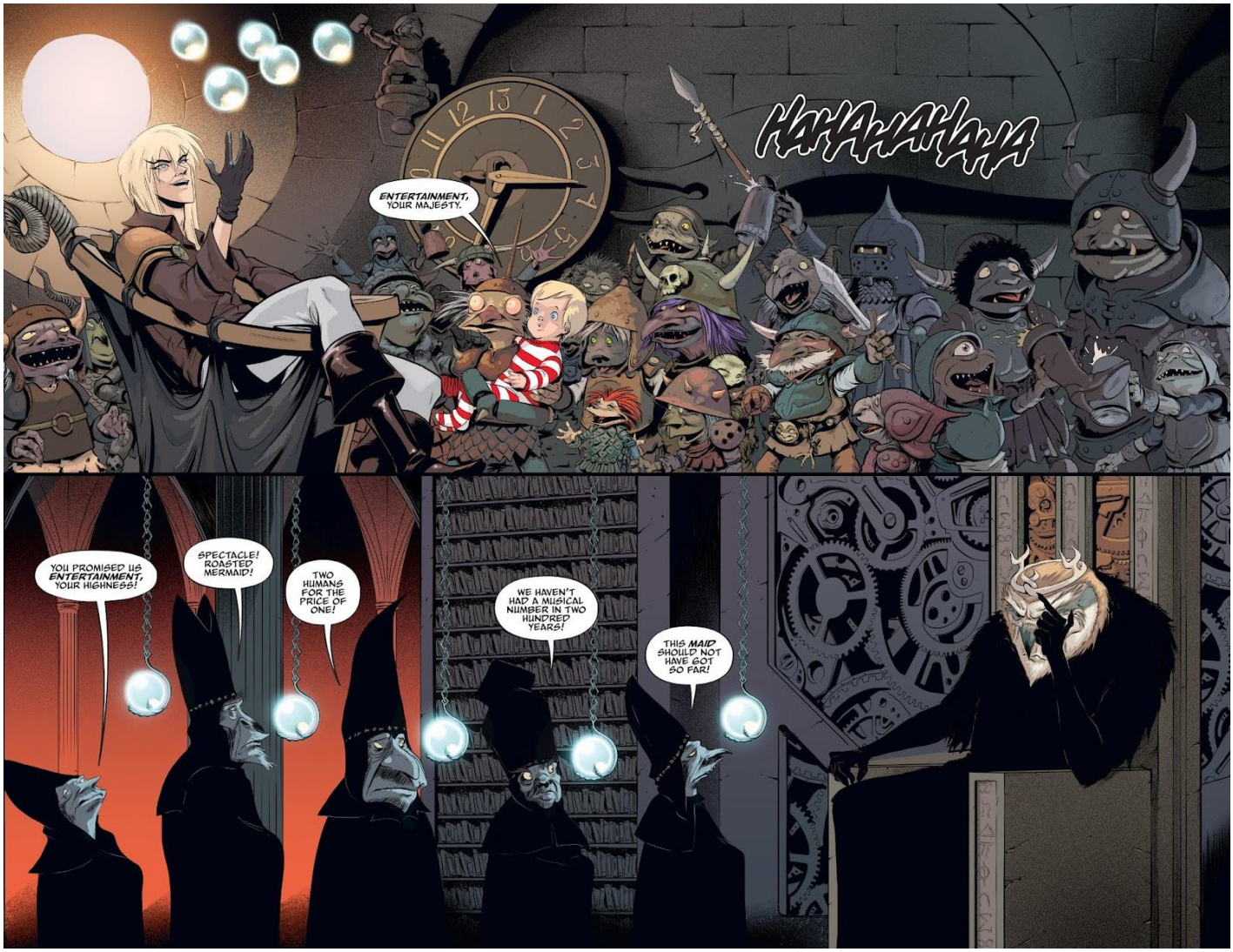

Buddleglupp! Hurry!
Bring the child!
H-HERE, SIRE. (AND IT'S BEETLEGLUM.) DID YOU WANNA FINISH TELLING HIM THE STORY? A-ABOUT THE WOMAN WITH THE UNVANQUISHED HEA--
Oh story-story-story. She flounders about, gets betrayed, tra-la-la.
Y-YES, BUT--WHAT HAPPENS TO HER AT THE EN--
Enough, Bitterglit. You care far too much for petty detail. It's no wonder the boy's snivelling again.
I KNOW WHAT WE CAN DO! TAKE OFF HER HEAD!
This is a far more suitable story.
YEAH, LET'S TAKE HER APART!
P-PLEASE, SIRE--IT'S HIS SISTER! WHAT'S HE GAIN, WATCHING HER FAIL?
NOK
NOK
NOK
Oh come come! Such youthful sentimentality in such a pestilent! Old! Head!
He's to become one of us--and he must learn. And what do all goblins crave, Bleet--
Batter--
Nf--whatever-your-name-is?
SIGH


ENTERTAINMENT, YOUR MAJESTY.
HAHAHAHAHA
YOU PROMISED US ENTERTAINMENT, YOUR HIGHNESS!
SPECTACLE! ROASTED MERMAID!
TWO HUMANS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!
WE HAVEN'T HAD A MUSICAL NUMBER IN TWO HUNDRED YEARS!
THIS MAID SHOULD NOT HAVE GOT SO FAR!

...NNNNNNNNNSILENCE!

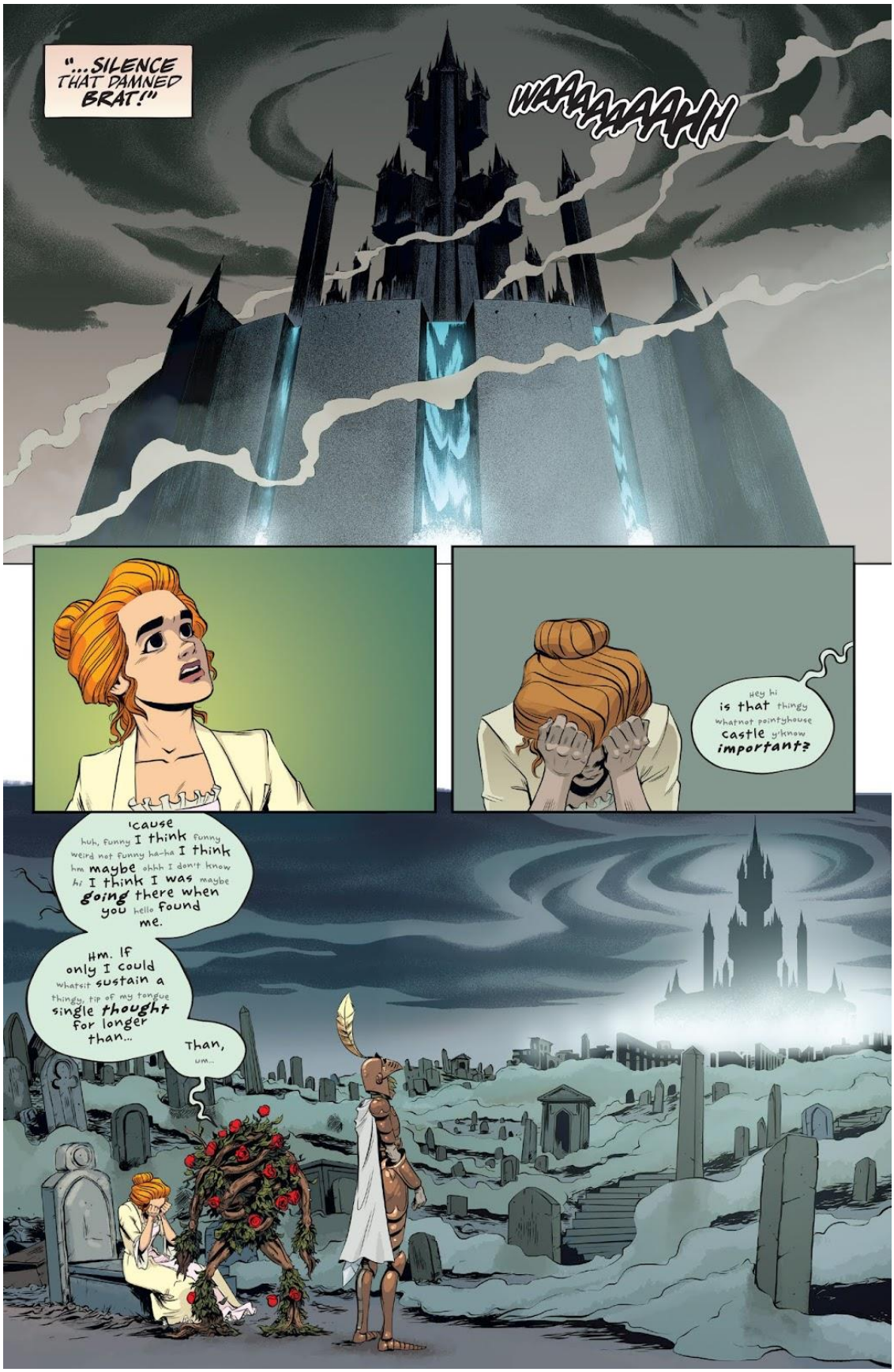
MUTTER
MUTTER
MUTTER
:KOFF:

RRRRRRRRRTHOSE INSOLENT, PREENING CURS!
I SHOULD :KOFF: I SHOULD LIQUIDATE THEM ALL! STARTING :KOFF: STARTING WITH THAT WAILING BRAT!
WAAAAAAAH
...I AWAIT ONLY THE ORDER, SIRE...

:HHKHH: TH-THANK YOU, SEPTIMUS. YOU ARE A TRUE AND LOYAL FIEND. BUT-- NO. I NEED THE BOY.
AND I CANNOT RISK A PURGE OF THE COURT. THERE'S ALREADY REBELLION IN THE AIR.

I--I AM OLD, SEPTIMUS. OLD AND UNPOPULAR. NO USE DENYING IT.
BUT THEY'LL BE GRATEFUL FOR ME IN THE END--THIS WILL SEE TO THAT. AND THOSE WHO DISAGREE WILL BE YOURS TO ENJOY.

AND THEN WE SHALL SEE WHO'S *ENTERTAINED.*
SQUEALING LITTLE WORM.
WAAAAAAAHHH
YOU KNOW, BOY, I HOPED YOUR *DRUDGE* OF A MOTHER WOULD KEEP THOSE *OAFS* IN THE COURT DISTRACTED--BUT SHE'S A *CLEVER* ONE.
SHE GRASPED *SWIFTLY* THAT THE LABYRINTH ECHOES TO THE MELODIES OF HER *MIND*...
THEN AGAIN: SHE HEARS ONLY *HALF* THE MUSIC. *HA.* SHE THINKS SHE'S *DREAMING.* AND WHAT FILLS HER MONKEY *BRAIN* MORE THAN *ANYTHING*--
--IS THE *MAN* WHO RUINED HER.
AND SO...?
I'LL USE *HIS* MIND TO BEAT HERS.
W-WHAT *IS* THAT, SIRE?
*HM.* A *REFLECTION,* OF SORTS.
THE FEVERED *MEMORIES* OF A MAN SO ADDICTED TO HIS LEISURES HE SURRENDERED HIS *SON* TO PRESERVE THEM.
THAT'S WHAT'LL SAVE THIS FESTERING PLACE, SLAVE. NOT *DISTRACTION.* NOT *SPECTACLE.* BUT THE ABILITY TO DO THE ONE THING HUMANS DO BETTER THAN ANYONE:
PRIORITIZE.
NOW--FOR THE *LAST* TIME...
WAAAAA


"...SILENCE THAT DAMNED BRAT!"
WAAAAAAAAH!
hey hi is that thingy whatnot pointyhouse castle y'know important?
'cause huh, funny I think funny weird not funny ha-ha I think hm maybe ohhh I don't know hi I think I was maybe going there when you hello found me.
Hm. If only I could whatsit sustain a thingy, tip of my tongue single thought for longer than...
Than, um...

ohhhhh, these blasted flies!
LISTEN--F-FRIENDS--AS AN ASPIRING MEMBER OF THE BANDIT HORDES BEYOND THE MAZE, I'M OBLIGATED TO NOT GIVE A DAMN, BUT...
...WELL, SINCE I HAVEN'T TECHNICALLY FOUND AN EXIT YET, I GUESS MY CAREER IN VILLAINY HASN'T OFFICIALLY STARTED. SO:
YOU SHOULDN'T GO UP THERE. IT'S--IT'S A HORRIBLE PLACE.
WHAT DOES THAT SAY?
Hm?
I WANT TO KNOW IF YOU CAN SEE IT TOO. ABOVE THE DOOR. THERE'S A WORD.
WELL, IT.. IT SAYS "TYTON".
Ohhh...
What's oh dear what's wrong? I didn't even know buildings could talk.
ALBERT TYTON. I-IT'S THE NAME OF...OF THE MAN WHO...
Ohhh, I WAS SO SURE! I THOUGHT I MUST BE DREAMING! B-BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN HIS DAMN FAMILY TOMB, AND HE NEVER SPOKE OF IT...S-SO--
--HOW COULD I DREAM ABOUT IT?
HEHHHHH.

YOU THERE! WITH THE RING!
Hm?
ME?
BRAVE SIR KNI--uh-- M-MADAM KNIGHT!
HELP ME! PLEASE HELP ME!
I--I KNOW YOU... YOU WERE TEACHING PAINTING AT THE DOGE'S BALL.
I BEG YOUR PARDON?
HE SAID--Y-YOU SAID--YOU SAID I SHOULD STICK TO ROSES, B-BUT, BUT THEN THE MERMAID TRIED TO EAT ME, AND, AND--
Oh GOD, I THINK I'M GOING MAD...

IS SHE DRUNK? SHE HAS THE SIGNET RING OF A GOBLIN LORD, BUT...
she's a little bit thingy, whatsitcalled you know forget my own head next muddled.
JUST-- TELL US WHAT'S WRONG, WOULD YOU?
WELL, LOOK, IT'S NO SECRET THAT THE OWL KING'S A BIT--OLD. AS IN: PERILOUSLY CLOSE TO DEATH, SORT OF THING.
AND HE HEARD IMPORTANT HUMANS HAVE THESE GRAND, DECORATED TOMBS, SO--
HOW? HOW DID HE HEAR THAT? FROM WHO?!
HOW CAN THIS BE MY DREAM IF--IF IT'S LEARNING THINGS I DIDN'T KNOW!
There there, that's an odd saying, what's there? It'll all be okay, dear I'm just saying that though.
OW THORNS OW OW
YOU WERE SAYING?
W-WELL, AS THE GREATEST ARTISAN IN THE LABYRINTH, HE NATURALLY COMMISSIONED ME TO BUILD HIS TOMB. ONLY... WELL--

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IT'S AN EYESORE! THIS IS OUR CEMETERY! WE WERE HERE FIRST!
IT DOESN'T EVEN HAVE ANY DRIBBLY CANDLES! WHAT SORT OF ELDRITCH SEPULCHRE HAS NO DRIBBLY CANDLES? AMATEURISH, I CALLS IT!
WE WON'T STAND FOR IT!
OR SQUAT FOR IT!
THERE, YOU SEE? NECROMANTIC HORRORS! THEY'RE UNNATURAL! AND-- AND VERY HURTFUL! SURELY A WORTHY FOE FOR A QUESTING NOBLE?!
UNLESS...
Y-YOU DIDN'T STEAL THAT RING, DID YOU? THEY SAY UNDESIRABLES ARE ACTIVE NEARBY! EVEN BUNDERGHAST THE INVINCIBLE AND HIS ARMY OF REBELS!
NO, FOR PITY'S SAKE, SHE DIDN'T STEAL IT.
NOW SEE HERE, SHE'S BEEN THROUGH A LOT. BE NICE TO HER.
NICE?! I NEED A WARRIOR TO DO BATTLE WITH FOUL REVENANTS! NOT A BLUBBERING HEADCASE!
SIGH
IT'S MY RING.
I THOUGHT I'D BE ABLE TO--LEAVE IT BEHIND. BUT I CAN'T.
HERE, MILADY. YOUR CHALK. WE WERE WRONG TO TRADE OUR TOKENS.
STRUGGLE THOUGH WE MAY TO LIVE BY OUR WITS--

--NO ONE CAN FIGHT WHAT'S IN THEIR HEART.
HAVE AT YOU, FOUL FIENDS!
Ah--here it comes...!

Ready... steady...
NOW!
RAAA

"OTHERWISE YOU'LL NEVER FIT IN."
Shh shhh shhhh! Please!

PRIDE... BITTERNESS... ANGER....
SHE GNAWS AT HER LOWLY STATION... SHE CANNOT THINK STRAIGHT WHEN SHE FEELS CONDESCENDED... SHE HAS SUCH LOFTY DREAMS...
Oh-- THAT POOR, DOOMED LITTLE MENIAL.

I THINK SHE STILL LOVES ME.

Blp. Nnnp. Ww... wwwww...
LOVE.

WHAT IS THAT? WHAT'S SHE DRAWING OUT TH--
WAAAAAAAHH
...
HEED ME WELL, GOBLIN. THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE. LET WHATEVER MISERABLE AMBITIONS YOU HOLD CRUMBLE TO DUST. FROM NOW TO YOUR DYING DAY YOUR DUTY--YOUR LIFE'S WORK, WORM!--IS TO PLACATE!
THAT!
CHILD!
I TRUST YOU KNOW THE PUNISHMENT FOR DISOBEYING ONE'S KING...?
Y-Y-Y-YESSIRE...
H-HUMAN. HUMAN MAN. IF YOU TRULY ARE AN ECHO OF THIS CHILD'S FATHER... W-W-WHATEVER ELSE YOUR FLAWS--PLEASE--
--YOU MUST STILL HOLD SOME LOVE FOR HIM? TELL ME!

"HOW DO I MAKE HIM HAPPY?"
...
HA!
PUFF!
what's she
OH the rock
the rock it's
um oh oh it's
changing what's
she doing what's
she d--
I-I WAS WRONG, TANGLE. IT'S NOT A DREAM.
B-BUT...REAL OR NOT-- LOOK.

I CAN SHAPE IT.
A WIZARD! A MIGHTY SORCERER, WHO CAN RESHAPE THE VERY STONE!
USE IT, MADAM! USE YOUR POWER! SEND THESE DEVILS BACK TO THE DIRT!
NO.

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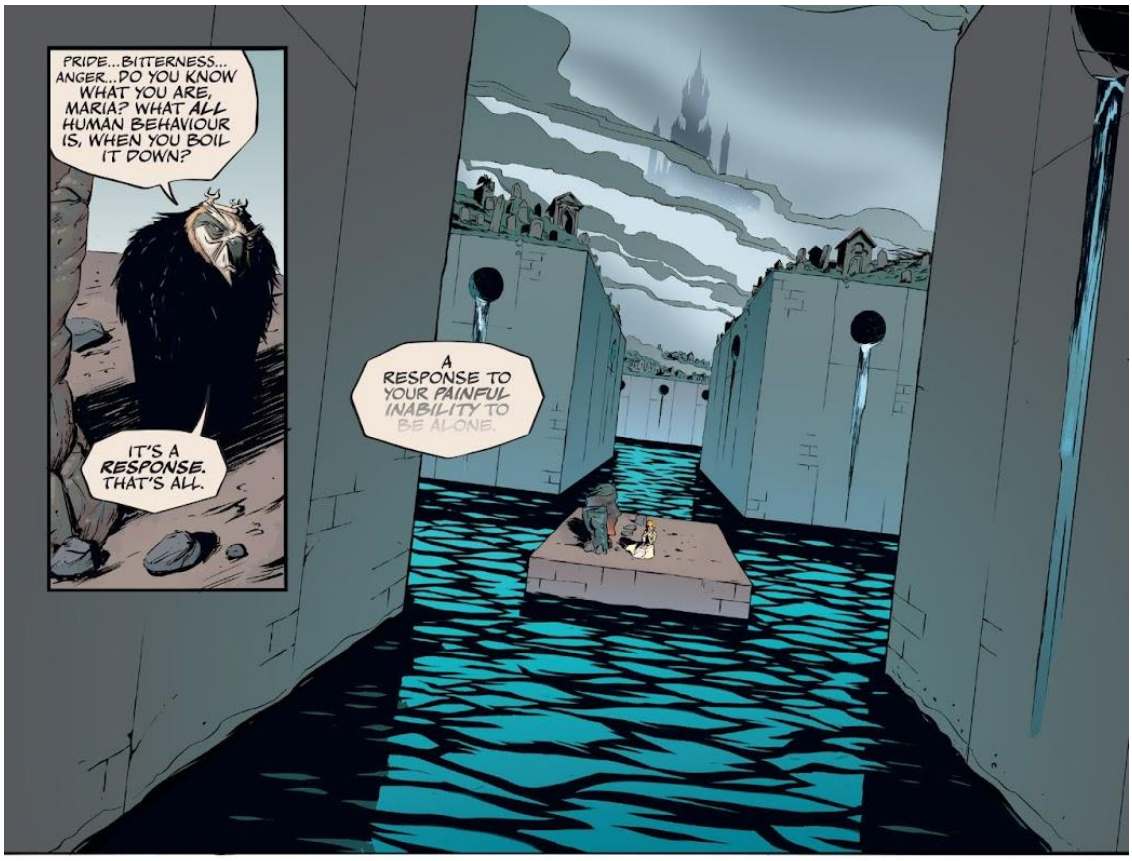
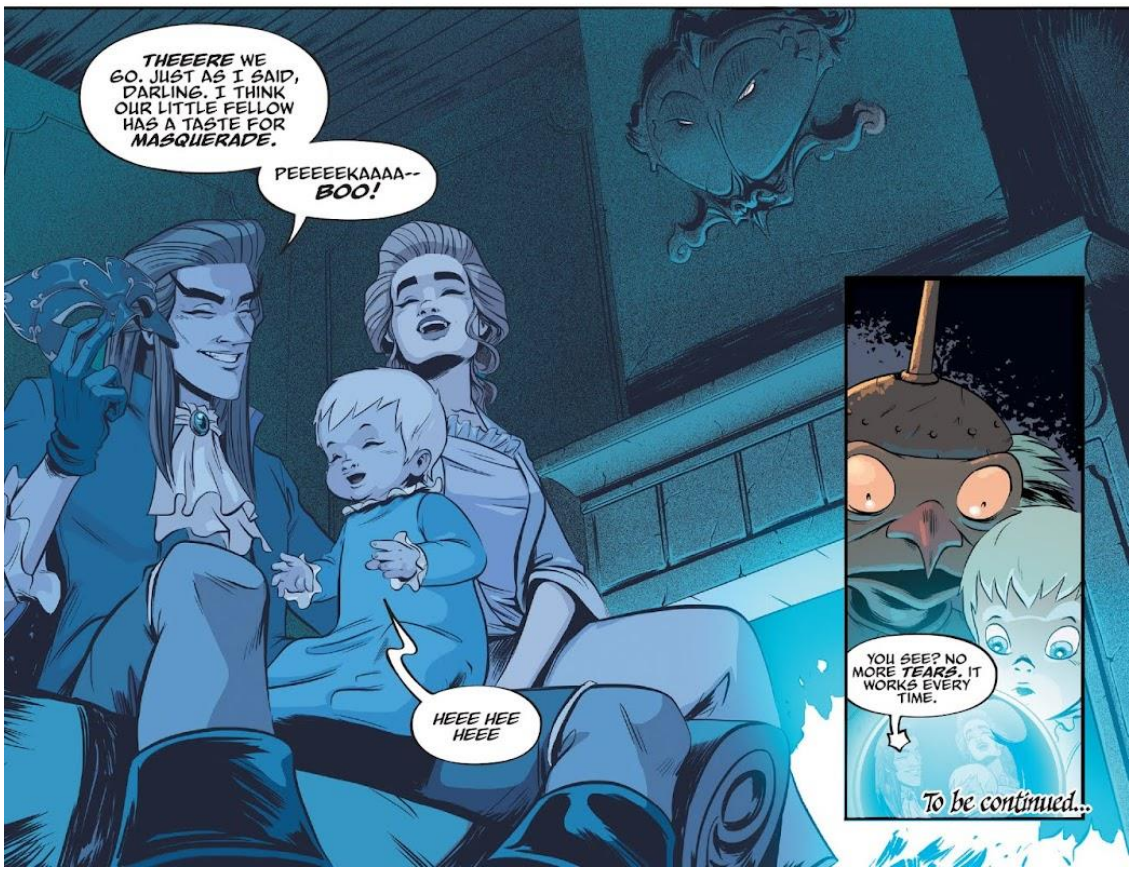
ENOUGH FIGHTING.
OH, BRAVA! BRAVA!
A STUPENDOUS PIECE, MADAM! IS THAT CLASSICO-WRETCHIAN OR DÉCO-OGRIC?
A SPECTACULAR ADDITION TO OUR FINE CEMETERY!
BUT... BUT...
YOU'RE JUST A WOMAN.

H-HEY... WHAT'S...
WHAT'S... HAPPENING TO MY HEAD--
WORRY MORE FOR YOUR HEART, CHILD.

YOUR HEART IS WHAT WILL RUIN YOU.

POOR GIRL. YOU UNDERSTAND SO LITTLE OF WHERE YOU ARE. DID YOU REALLY THINK YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SHAPE THIS PLACE? HA.
BUT THERE IS A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US.
YOU? SO EASILY DISTRACTED. SO SWAYED BY YOUR PRIDE THAT YOU DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE ME TAKING YOUR FRIENDS.
WH--
HAHAHAHAH!
WHEREAS I?
I HAVE CALCULATION.
BRING THEM BACK! A-AND GIVE ME MY BABY!
SUCH FEROCITY--HM. THAT'S ANOTHER FLAW OF YOUR HEART.
YOU KNOW, I'M FASCINATED BY YOU CREATURES.
ALL THE CHAOS OF GOBLINKIND AND YET YOU GET THINGS DONE. YOU ORGANIZE. YOU SUCCEED.
IT IS IN EXPOSING YOUR WEAKNESS THAT MY KINGDOM WILL FIND STRENGTH...
Y-YOU'RE OLD! YOU'RE DYING! EVERYONE KNOWS IT! I--I MADE YOU A TOMB! GET IN IT AND SPARE US ALL!
WHAT TOMB?
YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT, MIND YOU. A STRONGER KING IS NEEDED AROUND HERE.
ALTHOUGH PERHAPS NOT THE WAY YOU THINK.
WH--


PRIDE...BITTERNESS... ANGER...DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE, MARIA? WHAT ALL HUMAN BEHAVIOUR IS, WHEN YOU BOIL IT DOWN?
IT'S A RESPONSE. THAT'S ALL.
A RESPONSE TO YOUR PAINFUL INABILITY TO BE ALONE.


THEEERE WE GO. JUST AS I SAID, DARLING. I THINK OUR LITTLE FELLOW HAS A TASTE FOR MASQUERADE.
PEEEEEKAAAA-- BOO!
HEEE HEE HEEE
YOU SEE? NO MORE TEARS. IT WORKS EVERY TIME.
To be continued...